

# THE COMPANION.

No. XXII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1828.

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“Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend.”—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

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## SEQUEL OF “A FATHER AVENGED.”

[The reader must indulge us with permission to make another long extract from our port-folio. We have been ill, and occupied with other matters. Next week we hope to behave like proper Companions, and not inflict so many verses on his patience; such too, as are a great deal more worthy of his patience than his regard. The passage, by the way, quoted from Johnson last week, and contrasted with one from Dryden, was not intended for that particular number of our work. It was waiting, ready composed, for any space that wanted it; and the printer naturally inserted it where he did; otherwise we should not let it stand after so many verses of our own.]

SCENE—*A Room in the late Count's Palace. Enter FATIMA from a door opposite the stage, listening, and looking cautiously about her.*

Fat. She comes.

*Enter XIMENA.*

Xim. You missed me, I fear, Fatima.

Fat. Dearest and best, I did. How pale you look,  
And how you speak !

Xim. I'll tell you bye and bye;  
Not now,—not now. [FATIMA helps her to sit down.]

Fat. Well, I have seen a man,  
Was present at— [She kisses her cousin's hand.]

Xim. Rodrigo's taken ?

*Fat.*

No;

Escaped.

*Xim.* Escaped! Thank God! and yet I should not  
Thank God.*Fat.* Oh yes, you should: you should do everything  
Your nature prompts you to.*Xim.*

My father—my father!

You make me recollect, cousin, that he  
Was now and then a little ungentle with you.*Fat.* I never felt it half so much, as those  
Ungentle words. But I'll forget them.*Xim.*

Do,

Pray do. I think, grief made Rodrigo cruel;

And then it bows me so, it makes me mean;

You know I utter desperate words at times,

And they revenge themselves.—I will have justice;

Ay, you may look as wild as I do, cousin;

But I have asked it of the King already.

My father's—he, I mean, who said he loved me,—

Would have reproached me, and called me a bad child,

Had I not done it.—Fatima,—last night, I dreamt

My father slowly passed by my bedside;

An angel led him, one with silvery wings

And a grave happy face. I thought they trod

On clouds, though close to me; and as they went,

The angel said, "'Tis painful to leave children:—"

At which, methought, my father looked at me—

Oh, with so dreadful an indifferent face!

Not meant for such,—but just as if he passed

A stranger at a door, and answered, "Yes,

But I had none!"—And it is true;

No child; no, no; Rodrigo cut off father

And child at once, or she would not stay thus;

The slaughterer did not stay. I will have justice,

Justice, most proper justice.

*Fat.*

O take patience.

You took it but just now.

*Xim.* I was too wretched,  
Even to be impatient. But to hear  
He has escaped, and I have scarcely stirred  
In my great task meantime!

*Fat.* He has not quite  
Escaped; not quite; he has escaped awhile;  
But they may reach him yet.

*Xim.* Who may?

*Fat.* The officers  
Of justice.

*Xim.* God forbid! I shall denounce him  
Again, but not when present: no, not face  
To face; nor even in my neighbourhood.  
They will not find him: no, no; he is wise  
As the serpent:—I thought him harmless as the dove.

[*She weeps gently.*]

*Fat.* But those who harbour him may give him up:  
They may be told to do it:—a price may be  
Set on his head.

*Xim.* A price upon his head!  
Oh, I have gazed at it, until I thought  
It made the air about it still and sacred.  
Oh, blessed heaven! had but my father known  
How I did love him!—Yes, yes, I alone,  
I must denounce him; aye, and find him too,  
I think I must do that. How can I do it?  
Were he but here—

*Fat. (Hastily).* What would you do?

*Xim.* I'd take him  
And throw this heap of tears and wretchedness  
At the king's feet, and say, this is the man;  
And I am sure I should have done all then,  
For then my heart would break.

[*RODRIGO bursts from the room door, and prostrates himself at her feet.*]

*Rod.* Behold him taken.  
O that I could have flung down at your feet  
My heart like shattered glass. And yet not so,

Ximena; for 'twould pain your eyes to see  
Even me punished.

*Xim.* O that voice! that face!  
What a most dreadful thing has happened, since  
I saw it last; and not to be recalled,—  
No more than infancy. How couldst thou come,  
Killer! within these walls, and yet not fear  
That they would crush thee? Dost thou know who lies  
I' the room above us?

*Rod.* One in blest forgetfulness.

*Xim.* How couldst thou think of him, and come?

*Rod.* I thought  
Scarcely of anything but thee; and came  
For nothing but to do as I do now,  
And so begone again, as I will straightly,  
Unless you bid me die.

*Xim.* You thought not of me  
Before, before.

*Rod.* I did, Heaven is my witness!  
How could I not? And when my father, after  
I had engaged to be his champion, spoke  
The name of him to whose renowned sword  
I was to oppose myself, the fear of thee.  
Alone smote on me. Ere I went, I prayed  
For thee, and called on thee through blinding tears:  
And when I saw thee in that dismal place,  
I could have wept blood at thy father's feet  
To turn his heart, but he—

*Xim.* Ay, boast of that;  
Boast that you begged him, as they say you did,  
In my behalf, and that he cared not for me.

*Rod.* I said not so. He was too proud to think  
His life in any danger from my hand.  
I'll fly yet, if I can, and live:—and let me  
Say, while those tears loosen thy gentle heart,  
That if Lozano's daughter, as she will,  
Plead to the king against me, I do not think



In any case, that he would take my life.  
 Banished I may be, ever ; and with those  
 Who knew some happy hopes which I was building  
 Here in Castile, and do not hate me as  
 A human being, 'twill be held enough.

*Xim.* Surely.—I'll leave thee now.—Thou hast a wound.

*Rod.* I have, but 'tis not dangerous.

*Xim.* If it pain thee,

My cousin here—

*Rod.* I would it pained me more.

'Tis very bearable.

*Xim.* 'Twill be night-fall soon,  
 When thou canst go without the hazard of  
 Making me risk the safety of a guest.

*Rod.* 'Twill be a dark thick night ; and, as I hoped,  
 Rainy and stormy. I shall thus go shrouded.

*Xim.* Cousin, I'd say one word with you, before  
 You take your leave.

*Fat.* Now ?

*Xim.* When you please.

*Fat.* Well, now ;

I have no speech. [*XIMENA prepares to take her leave silently.*]

*Rod.* (to *Fatima*) I'll wait till you're at leisure.—  
*Ximena !*

*Xim.* Yes, I own here in the sight  
 Of Heaven, which pardons us our weaknesses,  
 That I must wish the task I have successless.  
 And I could wish more, but I must not—no—  
 'Tis past. And if Rodrigo recollects,  
 He has been known to say, that in hard trials  
 Such as these are, they show the kindest hearts  
 Who keep abstaining looks,—who do not fret  
 The ear of sad necessity, nor show  
 They love their grief before another's quiet.

*Rod.* 'Tis well reminded. I'll not even thank you  
 For those kind words. If ever you should have  
 Your peace again, as I believe you will,

Being good and wise, I shall be told of it,  
And pass the day-time lightly.—I believe  
'Twere right I should go first.

*Xim.*

It must be spoken ;

It must ; but wake not, thou dead angry one,  
To hear it ; nor do thou, Rodrigo, utter  
One word in answer, but be dumb to the last,  
And help me against thyself, when I declare  
I love thee to the last ; I do, as full  
And quick as my tears run—Oh Lord, how much !  
From this day forth, my life is as a life  
Borne in a world from which the sun has gone,  
A desolate and ever-raining twilight,  
Drenching the downward heads of dreary hours,  
That creep to their own funeral.—Away,  
For I shall pain him ; and I do,—being always  
Of an inferior nature. Pardon me,  
I cannot bear that smile ; only not that ;  
There's hope in it :—nay, pardon me again :  
I owe your quietness thanks—now—now—he's gone. [Exeunt.

*Scene—A Room in DIEGO's House. Enter DIEGO.*

*Dieg.* It is the time he mentioned in his letter  
For snatching this farewell. The night is fierce  
And dark, as if the spirit of Lozano  
Were maddening to remain, and still disturb us.  
But now its worst is best. Oh, my great son,  
Whose rarity sends thee out of house and home  
To walk the inclement world, like to the spirit  
Of Nature whom thou lovest, every sound  
Of the wide-washing rain and headlong wind  
Makes me think piteously of thy lorn state  
And filial martyrdom, till I resent  
Those weak unhonouring thoughts, and see thee as  
The blessed and the lofty thing thou art.  
The crowd o' the elements is a pomp to thee,  
Honouring at once and hiding,—with the wind

Thy trumpet, and the balmy rains thy blessing,  
 Shed out of heaven's own cup; and so thou goest  
 Attended in thy magnanimity  
 By angels, who look at thee and each other.—  
 He comes not.—Stay—a clapping of a door—  
 'Twas what I heard before. Some one has left it  
 To the impatient handling of the wind.  
 A hundred voices are about the air,  
 Which the ear hears but knows not, answering  
 Like ministers to the lordly call o' the blast.  
 They fall. No—I hear nothing—nothing, but  
 The beat of my heart's blood up in my temples  
 Ticking, and hurrying like a crazy clock.—  
 The rain is over; and the freshened stars,  
 Like glad eyes after tears, look busily  
 And brightly forth. They look as if they saw him.  
 I am so anxious and so tired, I cannot  
 But walk on still out of mere restlessness;  
 My feet and mind ache when I sit. That cry!  
 'Tis my good hound Ardiente. Oh, perhaps  
 He knows that some one comes. Pray God he may;  
 Or strong desire, hurrying in all my limbs,  
 Will, with the press of sudden impossibility,  
 Snap my old wits. Hark! hark! 'Tis regular counting,  
 And quick—a horse—it clutches the wet earth—  
 Now quicker still—what passing! No,—a stop—  
 A fiery stop—Ah ha! Look there! My boy!

[RODRIGO rushes into his arms.]

Safe and alone?

Rod. Quite so, dear father.

Dieg. Ay,

Call me so twenty times, and make me proud.

Oh gracious God! What a great thing it is

To be tender and proud together. [He embraces him again.]

Rod. You will now—

Eat, father, and be merry, and sleep, and live

An age out?



**Dieg.** Ay, so that thou flourishest too.—  
His head was at my feet.—Oh my blest son,  
What greater name, as fond, and yet more worthy,  
As young and yet more reverend, can I find  
To give my large love utterance? Something must  
Be done, for it will not be said:—prevent me not  
From satisfying my soul;—I'll kneel. [*He offers to kneel down.*]

**Rod.** No, no, Sir:  
My dearest father!

**Dieg.** I will, and kiss  
That hand, that took these grey hairs from the dust.

**Rod.** You must not—

**Dieg.** And set them in white honour up again,  
And made my old eyes happy till they wept.  
Let me do this.

**Rod.** I cannot, Sir: nor if  
I have done anything, and may demand  
A pleasure in repayment, as I do,  
Will you so hurt the unalterable religion  
Of nature, and the first time in your life  
Make your son blush.

**Dieg.** I am bound not to do it.  
But yet I will stand from thee for a while,  
To take thy nature's height, and reverence it;  
And could I have received thee as I ought  
In stately wise, with banquet and with song  
Of victory, and lovely ladies' looks,  
And all that makes a stately heart like thine  
Seem what it is, I would have planted thee  
Where thou shalt sit thee yet, at top o' the board  
O'er canopied; for he that bowed the head  
Which thou didst bow, shall be the head of the house  
Of old Lain Calvo.

**Rod.** Sir, these stately words  
Cannot but make my spirit rise within me  
To look at least as though it had deserved  
Such glory face to face; but oh, dear father,



Let my reward be to have kept our house  
From falling in thy great respect, and worthy  
Of thy true chieftainship.

*Dieg.* Be it as thou wilt.  
But glory, my Rodrigo, still will follow thee,  
And in a worldly shape; sure as the ring  
That waits aloof upon a saintly head.  
You smile and yet look sad.

*Rod.* I was thinking, father,  
How I should yearn amidst a heap of glories  
For one small taste of home.

*Dieg.* 'Tis there, my son,  
Thou'lt have it most. How I indulge myself  
At thy expense! Attend. You have heard the news?

*Rod.* No: what?

*Dieg.* The Moors, perhaps emboldened by  
Rumours of our dissensions here at court,  
Have again risen. There are five bands of them  
Each headed by a king; and 'twas but now  
Fresh news arrived, that they have passed beyond  
Burgos itself, and plundered all about.

*Rod.* I see

*Dieg.* Yes—yes, but stay. A special messenger  
Came to me from your cousin, Alvar Fanez,  
A noble boy, who knows his kinsman's wishes  
At all such times,—to tell me that the enemy,  
Such is their confidence, and hitherto  
Too just a one, will take the shortest road  
To the capital by a dangerous defile;  
Patience, dear boy—you shall be with them yet—  
Trust me: 'tis that I meant to speak of. Now  
I have ordered, on the instant, all my vassals  
To get them ready for the king's assistance,—  
A work that shews with double grace in me  
Just now. They are assembling in the plain  
Here to the left. Others as they march on  
Will join them. They expect me to send out

A leader to them, when the trumpet's tongue  
Asks for him twice; and think 'twill be Bermudo;  
But—

*Rod.* It is I?

*Dieg.* Ay, boy; who else? Who else?  
You'll join them with your vizor down, known only  
By our white plume; not because any man of them  
Would give you up, but that your nobleness  
Would save them from all question with the king.

*Rod.* Oh father, if you talk of paying me,  
Thus you pay all at once.

*Dieg.* Martin Antolinez  
Will bear my snowy banner through the darkness;  
And others of your youthful friends await you;  
How will you turn upon them? Salvadores,  
And Gustios, and Munoz, and Alvarez,  
And Galin Garcia,—ay, your favourite set,  
All, all, that murmur now you are away,  
And meant to grow their plumes with you in war.  
The rest you know.

*Rod.* I come up with the Moors  
In the defile, and pierce them in that pound.

*Dieg.* You do; and at the least prevent their coming  
Further, till other forces shall arrive.

And hark! [*A trumpet at a distance.*]

*Rod.* It is the call.

*Dieg.* The first. Your horse  
Is ready saddled for you in the stable,  
Your favourite Baya. You will find with him  
The helmet and the rest,

*Rod.* I have a horse.

*Dieg.* What—not take Baya? Where did ye get the horse?

*Rod.* A lady gave it me.

*Dieg.* A lady? Not  
A favourite too, I hope? Or what must I  
Have made you suffer?

*Rod.* Not a favourite,  
As you mean, father.

*Dieg.* So; and yet I wonder  
That those who take delight— *[Trumpet again.]*

Away, away;  
I must not trust myself to hold you fast.

*Rod.* I'll have your blessing round me. *(He takes his father's arms, and brings them round his own body.)* There! My horse  
Will carry me like lightening, as it brought.

*Dieg.* I shall look out and see your feather go,  
Like my plum'd angel. I shall hear the shout too,  
And then I'll sleep like an old soldier. You  
Fight for a thousand fathers now.

*Rod.* Ay, and husbands,  
Lovers, and sons, and carry a victory with me  
From every one.

*Dieg.* Bravo, boy! And the result  
Is easily guessed; you know my meaning, every way.

*Rod.* I hope so, and I think so. There, no more—  
Look not on this as on a parting, father;  
I only turn to speak to you 'twixt whiles  
I'the battle. There—I shall look round at the window. *[Exit.]*

*Dieg.* Armies of angels wheel about with you,  
Like shooting walls of fire! Now—now he's mounted.  
*[He opens and looks out of the window: something darts by,  
and a little after a great shout. The curtain falls.]*

*[Several scenes take place in this interval, among others the battle with the Moors. In the following and final scene, the King of Castile is seated on his throne with his Nobles about him, awaiting the issue of a proclamation and challenge made against RODRIGO, in behalf of DONNA XIMENA, who is present when an Officer enters hastily.]*

*Officer.* An armed crowd, my liege, are entering  
The city; and the people gathering on with them  
Cry for Rodrigo de Bivàr.

*King.* Keep still  
And in your places. Go you forth, and see, Sir,  
*[Trumpets and other music growing nearer.]*

*Enter another Officer.*

*2d Off.* My lord, the strangest cavalcade is coming,—  
The vassals of the old Count Lainez, headed



By the five Moorish Kings,—although the latter  
Are said to be taken prisoners. They say too  
Rodrigo took them, but he's not in the troop,—  
And that he has been slain.

*King.* Look to the lady.

[XIMENA faints. A noise of trumpets growing nearer.

*Enter Third Officer.*

*3d Off.* My lord, the strangest and the happiest news !  
Rodrigo de Bivàr, at the head o' the vassals  
Of the old Count his father, has surprised  
The Moors in the defile, and sends their kings  
Prisoners unto your greatness.

*King.* What of the conqueror ?

*3d Officer.* He, Sir, in his great modesty  
And deference to your late reproof of him,  
Has turned out of the path to his father's house,  
Where he awaits your pleasure.

*King.* Go to him instantly,  
And fetch both father and son. This is the noblest  
Day of my life, though I am conquered too.

*A March.—Enter ALVAR FANEZ with the five Moorish Kings ; all but  
the King and a few others uncover.*

*Alv. Fan.* (Kneeling and presenting a letter and a standard)—  
My cousin, Sir, Rodrigo de Bivàr,  
Having, he says, by fortune and his friends  
Been blessed with quick prevention of the war,  
Lays the green standard at your royal feet ;  
And begs your princely hospitality  
In favour of these great and gallant enemies.  
This letter will speak farther.

*King.* (Uncovering with the rest, and descending from his throne)—  
His wishes, and their own reverse of fortune,  
Make it our business to receive them worthily.  
These letters too enable us to shew  
Our sense of the young lustre lately obscured  
By some sad tears here. His own liberty,  
Although unasked for, is restored to him,  
And, as I think, to the delight of all,



You, royal Abdoulrahman, our great brother,  
 Who shewed that sparing virtue to our fields  
 In middle of all-wilful victory,  
 Be held, together with our other brethren,  
 Visitors at our court, which you will leave  
 At your own pleasure, after staying awhile  
 To heighten ours:

*Abd.* We are thrice conquered, Sir;  
 By your new general, his great soul, and yours.

*Enter a Herald with a trumpet.*

*Her.* My liege, the venerable Count Lainez  
 And his victorious son, attend your bidding.

*King.* You and the other heralds usher them;  
 And let the music bid all hearts rise up  
 With its most numerous and majestic voice.

*A full and noble March.—Enter eight Herald with Trumpets, two and two,  
 and then RODRIGO supporting his Father. The King introduces DIEGO  
 to the Moors, and then seats him in a Chair.*

*King.* Rodrigo, you have made us pant for words  
 With this great tide of glory. Let it suffice  
 That all which by a father of his country  
 Ought to be done for you, shall shew my thanks.

*Rod.* Sir, you do all for me in that one word.

*King.* Not so. After we have performed the ceremony  
 So lately and unhappily broken off,  
 Your knighting, there's a crowning conquest still,  
 With which perhaps I may assist to make  
 Your aspect happy as glorious.—You would speak of it  
 Yourself, and win it otherwise?

*Rod.* I have, Sir,  
 I do confess, two favours still to ask;  
 And I should blush to ask them openly,  
 Had not a secret, as I understand,  
 Escaped with sweet sad breath to most here present.

*King.* Ask on:—it has.

*Rod.* Then first, Sir, to explain  
 That secret further. (*Turning to Almanzor*)—

My great-hearted friend,  
 Take up that veil from off thy nobleness.  
 Yes, Sir; it is Almanzor, once my combatant,  
 Who thought himself my rival in the affections  
 Of one whom he mistook for her fair cousin.  
 Your nephew, Sir, (*to Abd.*); and oh, my friend of friends,

[ALMANZOR and RODRIGO rush into each others arms.

You did not get my letter? You came here  
 And passed it on the road?

*Alm.* It must be so.

But it has shewn for me that I have gratitude;  
 Shewn thee! [Embraces him, again.

*Rod.* And shewn another.—Sir, (*to the King*) they love  
 Each other nobly, as you now have seen;  
 And my first favour is, that you would make  
 Their union part of your festivity.

*King.* Theirs, and one more, I hope.

*Rod.* Pardon me, Sir,

I —

*Dieg.* Pardon me, my son. [Goes towards XIMENA.

Sweetest young lady,

Whom, with my son, I have unknowingly,  
 Almost until this hour, tried with such pain,  
 I could, as a fond father, ask you much;  
 I can, as a fond father, ask you nothing.  
 Yet there's a difference, fair one; a great difference,  
 Though not for me to tell you. You will think of it.  
 But I may say, that had not this new taste  
 Of sorrow come to me through all these sweets,—  
 Why, I had died for joy ere long; and then  
 My boy might have been happy.

*Xim.*

Not for that, sir:

Not with such help. I do not speak in anger.

I wish not you nor him otherwise than

As you now are, except in one fond habit

That mars his well-earned happiness. I can look

Even on you, sir, not bitterly; and am firm,

Not out of hate, but duty; you may see it.

[She weeps.

*King.* Not to enlarge on the distinction, lady,  
Which the Count speaks of, though I might well urge it  
As witness to this matter, first and last ;  
Yet as the King,—I mean, as princely father  
Of all my Spanish family, I may advise you  
To weigh the involuntary death of one  
In balance with these thousands of glad lives  
Saved by our young and conquering cousin,—one  
Whom you yourself—

*Rod.* May I intreat you, Sir ?  
I had one other favour. I would ask it.

*Xim.* My lord, to shew you all my heart at once,—  
Its duties, its necessities, the shadow  
Which the ever-present pall has cast upon it,—  
To shew my sense, Sir, of your condescension,  
Which I am forced thus publicly and painfully  
To seem to undervalue ;—and I may add  
To shew how justly (I feel pale to say it,  
Not blushing, even at all these eyes) I loved,—  
I will abide, my lord—I will abide  
By the decision of Rodrigo's self.

*Rod.* O the futility of toils and dangers,  
Of burning, and of cold, and torn-up wounds,  
And all the aches that gnaw into all patience,  
Compared with one such agony o' the heart !  
Pardon me, Sir.—And do thou pardon me,  
Ximena, for a thought, which like a whirlwind,  
Took my right sense away, even of thee.  
She means not, Sir,—instinctively, she means not  
To exile me from all hope, and make me mock  
The last most awful spirit of self-sacrifice,  
The very exacter of these trials,—Justice.  
She means it not : or if she thinks she does,  
I tell her, she does not ;—the very favour  
Which I was going to ask of you she construed  
With the blest instinct of her heart too well.  
Sir, I do ask that favour ;—'tis to let



Lady Ximena be secure and quiet  
 From all solicitation ;—she will let  
 Me in return, fancy at least I see  
 A far-set hope, like to a star in heaven,  
 Which I may try to journey to,—not frowned at  
 Even by a single face that looks upon me  
 Out of the placid world of the departed.

*King.* Be it so. Shall I not request her then  
 Even to remain during this honouring ceremony?

*Rod.* I did intend to hope, Sir, that she would,—  
 As my first hope, and for a toilsome while,  
 My last ;—a sign, that at the least she recognizes  
 The spirit in me still, which she held honourable.

[XIMENA slowly takes her seat again.

*Enter the proper Assistants with a Golden Bason, and Spur, and a Velvet Stool.*

*Abdoulrahman.* Oh my most noble Cid, let me now grasp  
 This hand again, which took me indeed a prisoner.  
 Would it were I that had the knighting of thee!

*King.* What is that title, brother, which you give him?

*Abd.* I called him Cid ; for my heart could not help  
 Speaking a native word : it signifies  
 Master and Lord.

*King.* It shall henceforward be  
 His most distinguishing title, both in honour  
 Of him who first conferred it, and of qualities  
 That make him understood so and admired  
 By friend and foe.—Plant thy foot here, Rodrigo.

[*A Herald throws a Mantle over his Shoulders, and the King puts the  
 Spur on his Foot. Then rising, the King dips his Finger in the  
 Bason, and crosses RODRIGO'S Forehead and his own.*

*King.* Be thou a faithful and right loyal knight  
 For God and for Saint Jago and for Spain.—  
 Cousins, my noble peers ; you other nobles,  
 Officers, heralds, and all ye that hear,  
 This is Rodrigo de Bivàr, the Cid.

[*The Heralds, standing four on each side of the Company, blow their  
 Trumpets loudly towards the Audience, and the Curtain falls.*

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is all right between S. G. and his Companion.

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